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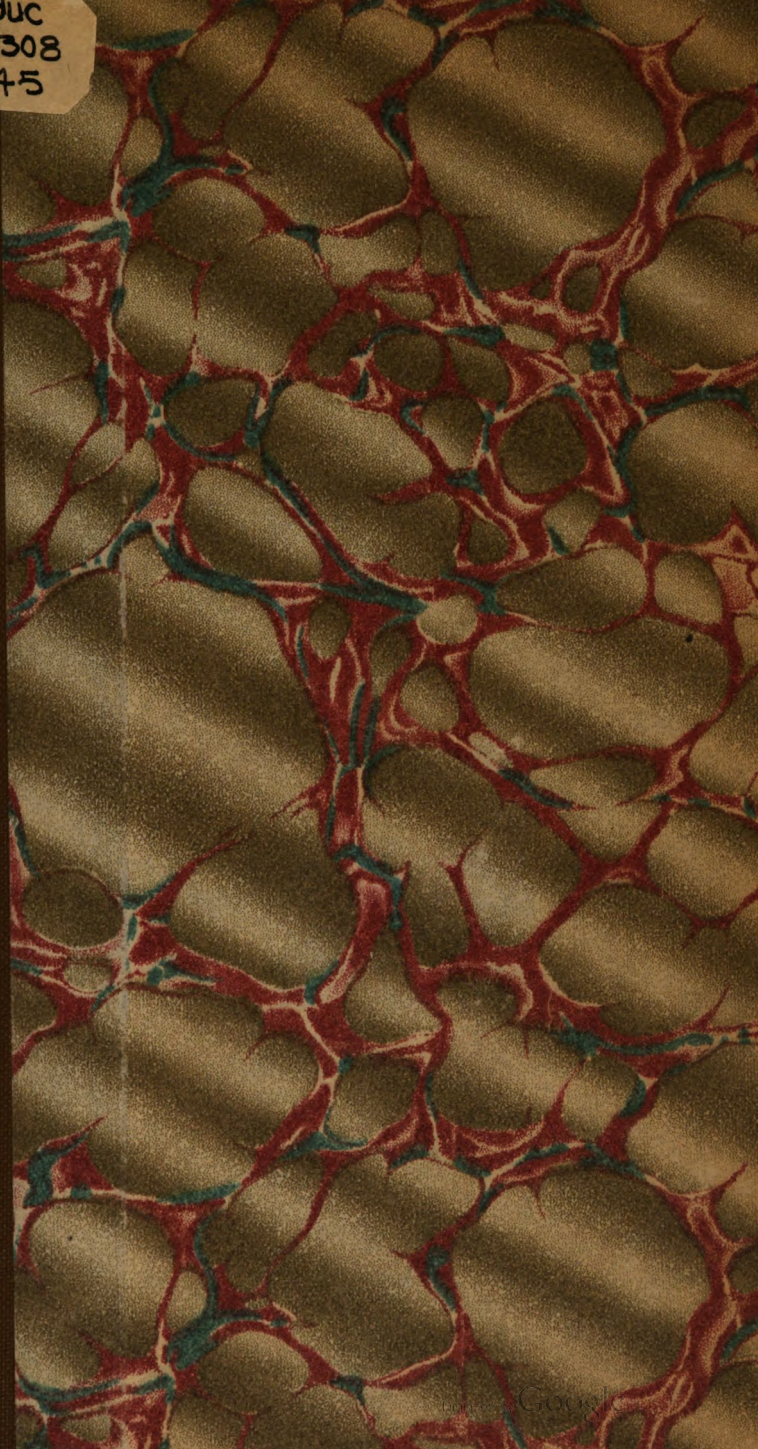
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Johnston - Female Education - 1845.

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FROM

George Dexter

(12)
AN
ADDRESS

ON

FEMALE EDUCATION,

DELIVERED AT COLUMBUS,

DECEMBER, 31, 1844.

BY WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Esq.,

OF CINCINNATI.

COLUMBUS:

PRINTED BY CHAS. SCOTT AND CO.

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George Hart

**PRESERVATION MASTER
AT HARVARD**

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBUS, JANUARY 1, 1845.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Esq.

Dear Sir: The audience who listened to your address upon Female Education, delivered in the Representatives' Hall, in Columbus, on last evening, expressed by acclamation their wish that the same should be published.

The subscribers were by said meeting appointed a committee to request of you a copy for publication.

Respectfully yours, &c.

WALTER THRALL,
D. H. MORRIS,
R. THOMPSON.

COLUMBUS, JANUARY 1, 1845.

Gentlemen: I have just received your note of this day, requesting, for publication, a copy of the address delivered by me on last evening, on Female Education. Here it is.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.

WALTER THRALL, D. H. MORRIS, R. THOMPSON.

ADDRESS.

It has puzzled the heads of the wise ones for ages, to find out what peculiar kind of education is suited to the minds of males, and what to the minds of females. This question has arisen from a false ascription of sex to the human mind. We have heard so much about male education, and female education, that in public estimation, both mind and education have been divided into masculine and feminine; and these distinctions have been kept up, till one might suppose that woman belonged to a different order of beings. Not the female sex of man; but a charming creature, caught in a net, to be caged for the gratification of man's curiosity; to sip from her own peculiar cup; nibble her own peculiar cake; and, like a bird of note, be admired more or less according to the number of airs she might learn to sing: while the ruder sex are to be treated as rational beings, and to be educated for purposes of utility.

But suppose God had created mind male and female, does it follow that each sex should have a different sort of education?—What would you think of the father, who having both sons and daughters, should fall into the conceit that there was danger the former might dwindle down into girls, and the latter grow up into boys; and, to prevent such a disaster, should feed his sons on bread and beef to make them robust, and his daughters on ice cream and candy to make them delicate? But no man is guilty of such folly as it regards physical education. Animal life is common to both sexes, and in each requires the same food to sustain it. Mind is as common to both sexes as life, and in each requires the same mental food to sustain its vigor and enhance its growth. Nature has pointed out the appropriate sphere of each sex too distinctly to be mistaken, and all the distinguishing characteristics which she ever intended, would exist as completely, and more so, without the intermeddling of human theory. Shall we then attempt to make

a difference which nature never intended; by feeding the minds of our daughters on fiction, and those of our sons on reality—by educating the former in nothing but what is superficial, and the latter in all that is solid?

In the vegetable world, each species retains its distinctive character from age to age. The oak and the ivy take root side by side, entwine their branches and interweave their foliage; they draw their substance from the same soil; are watered by the same rains; warmed by the same sun; and fanned by the same breeze: yet one remains an oak and the other an ivy forever. What is true of the vegetable world in this respect, is true also of the animal and the intellectual.

But we are told that women have not the same capacity for learning which men possess. Suppose this to be true; what then? Because their minds are dwarfish, shall they be starved to make them more so? If you were about leaving an estate to two children, one poor and helpless, the other rich and provident, how would you divide it? Surely you would not bestow all your wealth on that child who did not need it, and turn the needy one over to the buffetings of a selfish world.

But it is not true that women have less capacity than men.—On the contrary, all experience shows that in childhood, the only period in which there is any fair competition, the sisters not only keep pace with the brothers, but often, and almost always outstrip them, in every branch of learning, whether it depends upon the memory or the reasoning powers.

But it is said they have not perseverance, and that they soon give up the study of solid science, and betake themselves to reading works of taste and fiction. This is true to a lamentable extent; but is it wonderful? The greater wonder is that they do not become lunatics outright. They read fiction because the whole world insist that they have no capacity for any thing else—because the whole world say it will make accomplished ladies of them—because it excites their nerves, without requiring the painful labor of thought—because it is suited to the taste of their admirers of the other sex—because books of this character are put into their hands, and they are compelled to read them out of

compliment to the weak headed young gentlemen who present them. For example: Amandus is in love with Amanda. This attachment is mutual, and they esteem each other's good opinion above that of all the world beside. Amandus is gallant and kind, and feels bound by the laws of friendship to make Amanda a present every New Year's day; and that present, in cost and beauty, must be worthy of his fair one. Accordingly he steps down to the book store, and lays out ten dollars in paper, lampblack, morocco, and gold, in the form of a book, without one ounce of sense in it.—Amanda esteems the book according to its cost rather than its value—not because the writer was a man or woman of talents, but because the donor is a generous friend. She opens it and finds it filled with beautiful pictures. To relish the pictures, she must read the explanatory tales, in prose or rhyme, or prose run mad, as the case may be. These she wades through, from the title page to the finis, or from the finis to the title page, without adding one idea to her intellectual capital.

But this means of impressing fiction on the minds of young ladies, stops not with the gilded annual presents. Circulating libraries and periodical offices are ransacked by young gentlemen for the "latest novels" for young ladies to read, so that they have scarcely a moment to think about any thing else. The sickly stories thus read, fill their heads with moving incidents of the triumphs of youthful lovers over the crusty discipline of ill-natured parents—of killing impressions made on strangers in the ball room, at a single glance—of stolen promenades with young gallants by moonlight on the river's brink—of midnight vows of perpetual love, made in shady bowers, while others slept—of elopements from upper windows, at the generous risk of life, and fortune, and honor—of unrequited "love's last shift," the dagger and the bowl; these, with a thousand other fantasies, that will not let them think, and cannot make them wise. Say not, then, that ladies have not perseverance in learning. Rather acknowledge that you will not let them persevere; that human invention has been exhausted in the contrivance of means to obstruct their progress.

But the spoiling of young ladies is not confined to such means

as these alone. There is yet, I fear, a radical defect in the systems of female education, growing out of the fact, as I before intimated, that the wise heads have labored to give sex to education, and for fear it should not be female have made it effeminate.—Heretofore young ladies have been educated for girls rather than women. But say you, “surely you would not put old heads on young girls.” No, not I: nor on old women either. I would preserve the vigor and vivacity of youth to the latest period possible. The sands of life will run out fast enough without shaking the glass, and dark, unlovely old age will come unbidden. I would gladly snatch the muscles from the grasp of the staymaker, to support the sinking frame of age; I would fondly rescue the nerves from the blighting touch of the novelist, to sustain the shocks of adversity which beset the paths of the wisest and the best. What I mean is, that in youth, when all the faculties are vigorous, something should be learned which would be of service in middle and old age. That all the seed time of life should not be spent in planting sickly vernal flowers in the mental garden; flowers which must fade e’er midsummer, and leave the mind a barren waste. When we read of the superstitious Laplander storing the coffin of his deceased friends with bread, and meat, and brandy, to supply his wants in the world of spirits, we are forced to smile. But scarcely less ridiculous is the conduct of parents who keep their daughters employed exclusively in learning accomplishments, which, after five-and-twenty, are laid aside as useless—mere husband catching accomplishments, which, for aught I know, are well enough in themselves, but after they have done their work are of no more service.

Closely connected with this branch of the subject, is a cruel practice which destroys both the body and mind of young ladies, and forms one of the reasons why there are so few ripe scholars among them. It is the practice of forcing them into society at so tender an age, that neither body nor mind can be matured—at an age when the other sex are regarded as mere children; and at which girls must be taught to know that they are mere children, before we shall see a generation of intelligent women. This is the fault of the mothers rather than the daughters. Mothers

seem to concede that their daughters were created for transitory toys, and that like hot-bed plants, they are to be forced into dwarfish maturity, while they are yet infants. Education finished, and interesting young ladies at thirteen—two years to dance the rounds of fashion, and make impressions—married at fifteen—constitutions broken at twenty—care worn and haggard at twenty-five—infirm old women at thirty—at thirty-five, when they ought to be in the full vigor of youth and beauty, carried to the grave.

I said this was the *fault* of the parents; but when we look at the motive, it changes into a crime. Extravagance makes daughters a very unprofitable investment; and rather than live within their means, and maintain them a few years in a manner becoming their fortunes, or tax their industry for a part of their support, they thrust them out into society, and wheedle them into wedlock while they are mere children. This is telling unwelcome and homely truth: but let us not always make truth unwelcome because she is homely. There are thousands of young girls in our cities defrauded of their education, forced into immature womanhood, premature matrimony, and untimely graves, because parents are too poor to support them in splendor, and too proud to do it in a manner suited to their means. If, then, these ladies are not profound scholars, let us not say it is for lack of capacity or perseverance; when their passions, like fruit on a dying tree, are ripened into sickly maturity by reading love-sick stories, and dancing the giddy round of fashion and singing sentimental songs with beardless lovers; and when their own parents drag them from their doll-babies and their horn-books, to be crushed in infancy by the cares of a family.

But, you say, that in the higher and wealthier classes of society, there are thousands who have had abundant means of education, and whose career has neither been cut short by the poverty of parents, nor premature marriages; and you ask “why is it that so few of these are distinguished for talents and learning?” If, without being a Yankee, I may be permitted to answer one question by asking another, I would ask, how many distinguished men are to be found in the same classes of society, the brothers of these

young ladies, whose advantages of education have been equally good? In a candid inquiry after truth, we must not shun this question. Go to the higher and wealthier classes of society, and look around you among the young men, and with few exceptions, you will find an entire absence of all the qualities which make men great and useful. These young men, when their characters are not deformed by vice, are the ornaments of society: but they are ornaments merely. They grow up like the oleander or the lilac, to make the scenes of life beautiful; but a judicious public would as lief think of building a man of war from the feeble trunk of the oleander, or plucking apples from the lilac, as of intrusting the important concerns of public life to their hands.

Nor is this strange. The fathers of these youths, who were really great men, having won their way to fashionable society, were forced, by a kind of social necessity, to marry the feeble offspring of other great men; and hence the sons came into the world without sufficient physical energy to subdue the difficulties which beset the road to greatness. Besides, the fathers had acquired wealth—wealth brought luxury—luxury brought indolence—indolence brought effeminacy;—an accumulation of burdens, under which an ass might groan out his life. Wisdom is a very desirable thing, and if it could be acquired by a vision of the night, or by flaunting in scenes of pleasure, who would not be wise?—But the field of learning is a field of labor. O! it is joyful to gather the sheaves and shout the “harvest home;” but the stubborn glebe must be broken up—the field must be prepared—the seed cast in, before the harvest can be gathered. In the field of learning, as in the field of agriculture, “the sluggard” who “will not plow, by reason of the cold, shall beg in harvest and have nothing.” But this is not all. Such young men are usually contented with the fame of the father. The father has carved a niche in the temple of fame, large enough to ensconce all his offspring to the third and fourth generations; and why should the sons oppress their delicate frames, performing the work which a sturdy old sire has done for them? They are not only content with the fame of the father, but, having lived all their days in se-

lect society, and heard only the opinions of partial friends; or the flattery of sycophants, they imagine that fame far greater than it is. The multitude ridicule these pretensions, but what of that? They do not mix with the multitude, nor hear their ridicule; and if they did, their flatterers would tell them it was the croaking of an envious rabble, instead of saying to them, honestly: Go, simpletons, and earn yourselves a name. Cease to prance, like Lilliputians, in idle cavalcade between the legs of your colossal sires. If your fathers were great, do not make them still greater by contrast with their degenerate sons. But it is useless to descant upon the causes; the fact is undeniable, that in nine cases out of ten, the sons of men distinguished for their greatness, are themselves distinguished for their littleness, if distinguished at all.

What has been said of the sons of men in the higher and wealthier classes, applies with equal force to the daughters; so, that when we find among them a woman distinguished for talents and wisdom, we may set it down that she is one of those rare instances of greatness, which no unfavorable circumstances could swerve from the design of nature.

But those who contend for the inferiority of the female mind ask the question, why is it that in our country distinguished men so far outnumber distinguished women? As a matter of fact, this must be admitted. Our country abounds with men who rise far above their fellows in splendor and usefulness; while similar instances among women are but few. Here and there, like stars in a stormy night, a brilliant light appears, dazzles the eye for a moment, and then goes out. Let me answer this question, also, by asking another. Whence comes the galaxy of brilliant lights stretched across the hemisphere, from one extreme to the other? Are they the sons of the rich, the great, the powerful? No, not they. With few exceptions, all the distinguished men of our nation have arisen from the humbler walks of life, by their own unaided efforts; while, constituted as society is, it is next to impossible for a woman, by her own efforts, to rise one step above the level on which she enters the stage of life. By a lucky marriage, or some other whim of fortune, her condition is sometimes

made better; but she never rises from obscurity to splendor by an effort of her own. Why this difference? Let me illustrate by a familiar example. Francis and Isabella were children of the same birth—nursed on the same bosom—dandled on the same knee—hushed to sleep by the same lullaby—fed on the same homely fare—clad in the same russet weed; and possessed originally of the same powers of mind. Both were orphans before they saw the light. In infancy they lived in poverty, and in youth supported a widowed mother by their daily labor. Both sprung up to maturity, he a man, she a woman, without even the rudiments of an English education. As yet ambition had never disturbed the repose of either. Francis had heard of towns and cities, and wise men and great men, and schools and colleges where the sons of rich people learned strange things; and impelled by some unaccountable emotion, he wandered from home to see and hear for himself. By chance he heard wise men talk, and he said to himself, “I, too, will be wise.” He heard an orator entrance the multitude with his eloquence, and he said, “I, too, will be an orator.” He went home, and, exchanging work with a country schoolmaster, learned to read. But he had no books, and no one gave him any. He worked while sluggards slept, and with his earnings bought a book, and read it. By the same process he bought another, and read that also; and another, and another, until the learned, who know but one way of getting knowledge, wondered how and where he had learned so much. For a while the great ones laughed at him, but in vain. They frowned on him, but to no effect. He was neither to be laughed nor frowned from the arena. He pursued his way with awkward but gigantic steps, till at length, the ease with which he trod down opposition gave a grace to his motion, and a charm to his rudeness. Envy uncoiled her snakes as he passed along.

“But those who hated, dared not to despise.”

At length, when their friendship could be of no service to him, the great ones reached out the hand, and he condescended to accept it. The fair ones smiled upon him, and he stooped to receive their caresses. He allied himself to wealth and power, and both are honored by the alliance. But what befel the sister? Before

her brother had set his foot on the threshold of the temple of fame, she was married to an inglorious clown, the mother of a family, and doomed to drudge out her days in obscurity from which her brother cannot now rescue her. Such is the fate of thousands of women, endowed with talents that would have cast a hundred Hemans into the shade, if, before the cares of a family came upon them, the book of knowledge had been spread before their eyes.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Away, then, forever away with the vulgar notion that ladies have not capacity for learning. Hitherto they have not had time to learn. They have not had opportunity to learn. They have not had encouragement to learn. Gravity and wit have laid ill-sorted heads together to defeat their efforts. Learning and ignorance have agreed together to deny their pretensions; and gallantry their sole defender, has flattered their beauty at the expense of their understanding. Only give them a place in the lists, and an equal chance for the prize, and depend upon it, in the race of learning they will outstrip the ungenerous pedants who laugh at their pretensions.

But our adversaries say, that, admitting ladies to have capacity for learning equal to that of gentlemen, they have no occasion for the higher branches of education. This position is usually backed by ridicule rather than argument. The tale is told of Milton, who had no sons, that when asked if he intended to teach his daughters the different tongues, replied, "one tongue is enough for a woman." Milton was a great and learned man; but in the character of a father, he was little better than a brute. He "took no middle flight" himself; but contrived to keep his children in deplorable ignorance. He was the greatest scholar of his age; and spent the prime of his life in the vocation of a schoolmaster, not for filthy lucre, as he tells us, but to promote the cause of education; but his own daughters were never taught to write so much as their own names. They had "but one tongue," and yet in his blind old age, when he was writing his christian mytholo-

gies, under the title of "Paradise Lost," he doomed them to the drudgery of reading, and exactly pronouncing, the Hebrew, the Syriac, the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, the Spanish, and the French tongues, of neither of which they understood one word. His only surviving grand-daughter, who followed the trade of a Chandler in Cock lane, was so ignorant that she had lost the spelling of his name, and retained little other recollection of her grand-father but his harshness to his daughters, and his refusal to have them taught to write. Milton, according to Johnson, held that man was made only to rebel, and woman to submit; and in his gross ignorance, or disregard of the rights of women, rather than in any fault of hers, may be found the reason why the wife of his youth abandoned him. He knew not the springs of domestic happiness himself, and deeming this misfortune of his own a specimen of the best, it was natural enough, that in his "Paradise Lost," he should contrive a quarrel and separation between Adam and Eve, in the garden of Eden, before the fall. Milton was a believer in Christianity, as he understood it; and although much better at writing prayers and hymns for others, than using them himself, charity says he is now in a better world; but, if the doctrine of purgatory be true, may we not suppose that as a punishment for his neglect of duty to his family, he was "doomed for a while to walk the night" in ghostly Cock lane, not by the light

"Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielding light
As from a sky,"

but by the light of his grand-daughter's tallow candles, and condemned to listen to her vulgar wranglings with her clownish husband, about the proceeds of the play of his own immortal *Comus*.

But, perhaps Milton thought, like a learned gentleman of my own city, that to educate women in the higher branches of learning, would give them a disrelish for their domestic duties, and destroy their usefulness as daughters, wives, and mothers. Were we to speculate on this subject, I have no doubt the result would be in our favor. But let us never speculate, when we have the light of experience before our eyes. Look around, then, and read the lessons before you. Who are those ladies who are al-

ways at home, when they have no business any where else—who visit their acquaintances to renew and perpetuate old and endearing friendship—who patrol the streets on errands of benevolence—whose families and households at home are patterns of neatness, taste and economy? They are the ladies whose education is substantial—thorough—masculine, if you prefer the term. On the other hand, who are those who “gad about” to collect and distribute the scandal of the city? Who parade the streets, to show their finery and make impressions? Who involve their husbands hopelessly in debt for splendid equipages, and dash through scenes of fashionable amusement, while their children are left in the care of ignorant and crabbed nurses, to have their earliest lisplings corrupted with barbarous English, and their tempers spoiled by revolts against the undignified government of a subordinate? They are the ladies whose education is shallow, and whose reading is light. Whose parents, instead of imbuing their minds with the sound and solid principles of mental, moral and religious education, studied only to make them attractive, by teaching them all that is showy, empty and worthless.

But the city is not the best place to note the workings out of any system, particularly on the character of women; because, there the tyranny of fashion controls every thing, and moulds, for the time being, all descriptions of people to the same model.—Let us look to the country, where human beings are planted at sufficient distances to develop fairly the combined influence of nature and education. The society of people, commonly called Quakers, always educate their daughters as well and as thoroughly as their sons. If the sons are taught to read, the daughters are taught to read also. If the sons are taught to write, the daughters are taught to write also. If the sons are taught arithmetic, the daughters are taught arithmetic also; and so on *pari passu*, to the highest grade of human knowledge. And what is the consequence? Do we meet in this society the ruinous abandonment of domestic habits, so much dreaded by my learned friend! On the contrary, there is no sect in the world, taking them by and large, that can exhibit such models of domestic economy—of neatness and decency abroad—of comfort and cleanliness at home. No tables are so well spread at the same cost. No chil-

dren so well clad at the same expense. And as to family discipline, a Quaker lady, with a countenance as placid as a summer's morning, and an accent as mild as a summer's breeze, says "to one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to her servant, do this, and he doeth it."

Where, then, shall we set up the *ne plus ultra* of woman's learning? Where shall ladies leave off, while gentlemen press onward? Into what profound mystery of science shall man be permitted to enter where woman may not follow? Not long since, I conversed with a learned theologian, employed in the education of young ladies, with whom I had the pleasure to agree in every particular but one. He was satisfied that in all respects young ladies should be as thoroughly educated as young gentlemen, except theology, and the learning preliminary to its study.—Without discussing the question, whether the Almighty ever intended the christian ministry to be a distinct profession pursued for one's bread, like engineering and ship building, I must be allowed to express freely my conviction, that so far as theology has any thing to do with the simplicity of the gospel—with practical religion—or with teaching men and women the road to Heaven, the knowledge of it by ladies cannot be of secondary importance.

At what period of life, and by whom are the first principles of religion implanted in the mind? A moment's pause, and each one will decide the question for himself. They are implanted in infancy by the mother. The mother first sprinkles the dews of salvation on the opening bud, and guards the expanding flower and embryo fruit from blast and mildew. If, then, the first principles of religion are taught by the mother, ought she not to understand them well herself?

But woman is not only the teacher of religion at the opening of life, but at its close. Who is it that lingers about the bed of death, a minister of consolation, after heart and flesh and earthly hope have failed? It is woman. Sympathetic, warm-hearted, enthusiastic, eloquent woman. Eloquent in her words—eloquent in her actions—eloquent in her tears. Yes, eloquent in her tears; the most precious gem which brightens this dark and selfish world of ours, is

"The tear of Woman shed for others' woes;
Which spring at once, bright, pure from pity's mine,
Already polished by the hand Divine."

And shall not the priestess of her own domestic altar, the first and the last teacher of religion, be educated in all that legitimately belongs to it? And as to all the rest, let that go; give me all the theology proper for woman to know, and exchange all the rest for a bag of chaff, and bring me *that*, that without the imputation of sacrilege I may scatter it to the winds.

I have said something in regard to the influence of mothers in the formation of mind and character, and of the importance of female education with reference to this end. But there is a practical view of the subject which never ought to be overlooked in judging of this influence. The world is full of examples of men of the first talents and education, whose sons are mere ciphers—men who owe their corporeal grandeur to the tailor and the barber, and their incorporeal grandeur to the fame of their fathers. But you never knew a woman of talents and education to produce a family of blockheads. You never knew a whole family of talented men, who had not an intelligent woman for their mother. As a general rule, the great man's sons are mere shadows, projected by his declining light, and doomed to vanish at his setting. But the sons of the talented mother, phoenix like, arise from her ashes and inhale her spirit. Hence the familiar idea that young men inherit their talent from their mother. Be it so; but why do they inherit it? You may search physiology in vain for a solution of this question. It is only to be found in the fact, that the mother plants the first seeds in the youthful mind, and the future crop follows the species of the seed thus planted.

Lord Byron stands out before the world a monument of greatness and wretchedness. The world has sought for the reason in his proud spirit; his lame foot; his disappointed love; his unhappy match: but the secret at last, is, that his mother was just such a woman as he was a man—like mother, like son. Talented, turbulent, and undisciplined: alternately beating her son as if he had been a dog, and caressing him as if he had been an angel; till, by indiscriminate knocks and kisses, insults and flattery, she

B moulded him to her own unhappy image, and nothing could be more legitimate than his faults. John Wesley was as rare an example of a different character; who, with one of Lord Byron's worst afflictions upon him, and infinitely more care and labor; yet, by serenity of temper, purity of life, and rigidity of discipline, preserved the vigor of youth to extreme old age; so that in his eighty-fifth year he could say, "My eye has not waxed dim, nor my bodily force abated." But Mr. Wesley had a mother for his guide who taught him all his excellencies of mind and morals, by the combined influence of precept and example. Even his style of writing and speaking, unrivalled for its pith, purity, and scripture idiom, in the midst of all the rhetoricians of Oxford he acquired from his mother's letters.

Nor is this influence of mothers strange, when we reflect upon the laws by which men and women respectively govern. Men are stern, women pliant—men are impelled by ambition, women by affection—men are fond of power and place, women of admiration and love. The father drives his dissipated son from his house and locks the door; the mother rises at midnight to unlock the door and let him in—the father disinherits a spendthrift son and gives his property to his more thrifty children, the mother defrauds them all to supply his wants, and the more worthless he is, the more is he the object of her tenderness. The father governs by the law of force, the mother by the law of love—the father binds his son with a chain of unmalleable iron, which, when once broken, can never be welded; the mother binds him with an elastic silken cord which never breaks, but after he has wandered far from home, and friends, and duty, draws him back again, and fastens him to the altar where she first taught him to say "our Father who art in Heaven." There is a namless emotion associated with the name of mother, which comes over the heart with irresistible sway when every other charm is broken.

A Persian mother on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall never meet again till the day of judgment." The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he

had got, and he said, "forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." He laughed, thinking the boy jested. Another asked the same question and got the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him the same question, and he said, "I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes." He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money. "And how came you to tell this," said he. "Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie." "Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it."—He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.—"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand. There is a moral in this story which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child is again transfused from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it came.

But to make the education of ladies efficient, in addition to what is commonly called learning there are a few homely virtues which should always make a part of it, and be inculcated as first principles. Among these, economy stands first and foremost, most worthy of notice, because most neglected. Candor requires us to acknowledge that all our earthly happiness, worth the name, flows to us from the kindness and affection of the fair; but the same candor requires us to say, that as they are at present educated, a large proportion of the sufferings of life springs directly or indirectly from their thoughtless extravagance. Such is the excessive fondness for show and grandeur which ladies in fashionable life exhibit, that their husbands must be either princes or pirates to keep it up. Do not mistake me in this matter. I yield in gallantry to no man: but as an honest man I must speak the truth. Here ~~let me draw a picture~~, which may answer equally well to five hundred different originals. Antonio dies, leaving a widow and seven helpless children, without any means of support

the negation

except a claim on Mr. Bugby for one thousand dollars. Without this they must go to the poor-house or starve. Mr. Bugby is a very respectable gentleman, who spends the winter in the city, in a mansion worth twenty thousand dollars—his summers at a country seat worth thirty thousand—owns a farm in the neighborhood worth ten thousand—passes back and forth in a coach and two, worth fifteen hundred, and keeps a long train of servants at an enormous expense. Mr. Bugby is very much embarrassed in money matters, but his amiable wife having always lived in good style, cannot bear the thought of bating one jot of all this magnificence, lest her family might lose caste in society, and Mr. Bugby, half inclined to the same notion, lets matters slide. The widowed executrix calls on him, and asks him if he can discharge this little debt, telling him that her family are very needy. "Possible!" exclaims the good Mr. Bugby, "why such a thing never occurred to me. I am entirely out of funds at this moment, but it shall be forthcoming in a few days." A few days, a few weeks, and a few months pass away, but the debt is not paid. He is frequently called on, but, unfortunately, it is always at the moment when he is out of funds. Tired of vexatious delay, she hands the note over to a lawyer, who forthwith sends Mr. Bugby greeting, and asks him to pay "according to the form of the statute in such cases made and provided." He takes a judgment, and puts an execution in the hands of the sheriff, who straightway goes in search of property. But he finds the coach and harness covered by a bill of sale to A. as collateral to some remote obligation—the mansion house mortgaged to B. to secure ten thousand dollars, money loaned—the country seat to C. to secure fifteen thousand dollars, balance of the purchase money—the title of the farm vested in the wife, so that it cannot be reached for the husband's debts. The Sheriff writes "*nulla bona*" on the writ and returns it. The widow calls on her attorney to know the state of her case, and tells him that her children are actually suffering. He informs her that before the money can be realized, a bill in chancery must be filed, and all these ~~mortgages, which~~ stand between her hungry children and their bread, be made parties to it; but suggests, that perhaps some friend would advance some money,

mortgages who

or give her some goods on the judgment. She sets out in a phrenzy, half hope, half despair, to try the experiment. As she hurries along with downcast eyes, she runs against a surly, well dressed negro, with a whip under his arm, braiding his cracker to beguile the tedious hours. She lifts her head, and there stands Mr. Bugby's splendid equipage, and yonder sits the accomplished Mrs. Bugby on a merchant's stool, dressed in rich and costly satins, furs and velvets, and jewelry enough to pay this petty debt carelessly dangling about her swan-like neck, in the form of chains, lockets, pencils, watches, necklaces, eye-glasses, and miniatures, while all the clerks and salesmen in the establishment are at their wit's end to gratify her taste. Mrs. Bugby knows not the details of the widow's sorrows, and if she were a beggar instead of a creditor she would make great efforts to relieve her wants.—As it is, she feels no concern about it. It is some of her husband's unsettled business. She is handsome, graceful, and innocent, and can look all the world in the face without a blush. But her husband looks nobody in the face, tells nobody the truth. Not that he is naturally dishonest or a liar; but that he has been dunned over and over again for debts contracted to gratify his amiable wife, and which his conscience tells him he ought to pay, till his countenance has acquired a skulking, chain-gang look. He has made so many apologies, that apology has become a part of his financial system. In short, he has told so many lies, by indirection, that no body believes his word.

Against such a state of things, so disgraceful to the rich, so cruel to the poor, and so at war with the principles of common honesty, I would guard, by teaching every young lady the homely old-fashioned virtues of economy and self-denial; so that when she becomes a wife, she may regard every luxury for which her husband is not able to pay, as so much stolen property. So that while she sits by her own comfortable fireside, patching her husband's coat, she may feel proud that he owes nobody any thing, and realize, by moral sense, the truth of the sentiment, that "a patch on a man's back is not so disgraceful as a writ." I would go twenty miles to shake such a lady by the hand. I would take off my hat as I passed her in the street. I would point her out

to my daughters as a model of excellence, and contrive reasons for their association with her. And if, by misfortune, she was reduced to want, I would divide the last dollar in my purse between her and a nearer friend, as a testimonial of respect for the two ladies, who had too much goodness to deliver over their husbands to the tender mercies of sheriffs and constables, to pay the forfeit of their extravagance.

But to return. Female education should not only be thorough, but diversified, according to the peculiar talents of the pupil. One of the greatest mistakes in the world, is making a female school a sort of mint, where all the pupils are indiscriminately coined in the same die, without reference to the quality of the metal.— This has been, more or less, the case in almost every such institution; and it always will be, while the notion exists of setting apart a few of the lighter, and more agreeable and attractive branches for the study of ladies, so that female education dwindles down to a mere routine of elegant accomplishments, with little or no reference to the work-a-day concerns of life. In these accomplishments, nature only intended that one in a hundred should excel; and those, by no means, of the higher order of minds. I do not object to teaching these branches to those who have taste and genius to acquire them. Many can excel in these who have little capacity for any thing else, and it would be hard, indeed, to rob them of their only source of excellence. I only object to forcing branches of secondary importance on those who have no talent for them, but who might excel in others.

The genius of woman, like that of man, is diversified. Some grave, some gay. Some powerful and controlling minds, and some fanciful and showy, intended as ornaments of society.— Some, developements of precocious genius, astonishing the world with their early productions, and frequently, like early fruit, decayed as soon as ripe; and others, bashful, awkward and of slow progress, ripening late, but sound to the core. Take one of this latter class, and encourage her to study those branches which she is capable of learning, and she will be a tolerable reader, and fond of books at fifteen. At eighteen she will have conquered the English language, and will talk common sense in appropriate

words. At twenty she will be a sensible girl. At twenty-five, a most enlightened young lady. At thirty, a blessing to society—a pattern and instructor to all around her—and, withal, a beautiful woman; not, indeed, that gourd-like beauty which comes up in a night, and perishes in a night; but the majestic beauty of the granite column, which yielded reluctantly to the artist's chisel, but, when once fairly modelled, bids defiance to time. Put this awkward, unpromising girl at thirteen into the hands of the dancing master, the music master, and the painting master, to make an elegant lady of her, and, after she has hobbled, and screamed, and daubed away seven years of her precious life, she is turned out on the world with the reputation of a numscull; robbed, by false education, of what she might have known, and miserably deficient in that which she has wasted years to learn. Against such evils in prevailing systems, it should be the care of our institutions of learning to guard. They should resolve, if they cannot make splendid ladies, to make wise women. To imbue their minds with the principles of solid learning, and their hearts with the principles of christian morality.

We are now in the twilight of woman's glory, in which, thro' mingled lights and shades, her destiny looks more fantastic than at midnight. But the day is coming in which she shall appear in the true moral majesty of her character. The spirit of freedom has emancipated her from slavery to tyrants; and, ere long, she shall be redeemed from slavery to flatterers, too. She shall stand disenthralled alike from false applause and true contempt; to be praised when she acts wisely, and ridiculed when she acts foolishly. To know that something more than the compliments of hollow-hearted fops awaits her—that she was formed to be useful in time, and responsible in eternity.

Then shall she take her stand high on the rock of enduring fame. From the east—from the west—from the north—from the south, the winds of heaven shall come laden with incense to her shrine, and, kissing her feet, shall depart to tell in the ears of despots, in other climes, that in this free republic, woman has attained the exalted end of her existence.



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